





WEB COMIC
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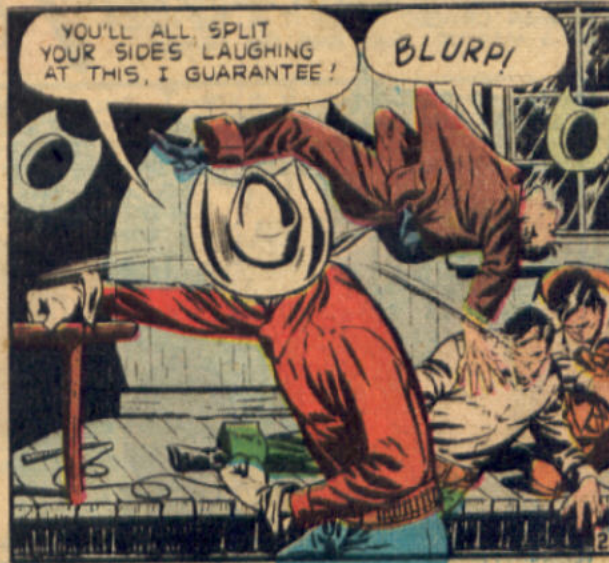


FOR THE MOST PART, THE BATTLE AGAINST OWLHOOT TERROR IN THE OLD WEST WAS CARRIED OUT TO THE TUNE OF BARKING SIX-GUNS AND POUNDING FISTS. BUT THERE WAS **ANOTHER WEAPON** AND THE BRAVEST OF MEN CRINGED TO SEE IT IN THE HANDS OF A MASTER. THIS WAS THE DEADLY

Whiplash



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

THANK YOU, STEVE BRAND. THESE MEN ARE EVIL. WE SEE THEM AROUND OUR LANDS IN HORSE HOLLOW. ONE OF MY BRAVES WHO FOLLOW THEM IS MISSING...



THAT IS WHY I COME TO WHITE MAN'S VILLAGE TODAY. I THINK BAD ONES PLAN EVIL. I FEAR THEY WANT TAKE MORE OF OUR LAND.



WHY, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. CHIEF FLEET FOOT! HORSE HOLLOW BELONGS TO THE CHEYENNE BY SACRED TREATY!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SET YOUR MIND AT EASE, CHIEF. LET'S GO INTO THE LAND OFFICE, WHERE YOU CAN SEE THE LAND TITLE FOR YOURSELF.



YOU AND THE CHIEF ARE MISTAKEN, BRAND. HORSE HOLLOW BELONGS TO WHIP SLADE—ALWAYS. **DID!**



THAT CAN'T BE! THAT TITLE IS A **FORGERY!** ...COLONEL, WILL YOU COME IN HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS?



I COULD HAVE SWORN....!



ME, TOO, STEVE! BUT YET—THIS TITLE LOOKS ALL RIGHT AND I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO HONOR IT!



NEVER! WE NOT GIVE UP LAND. WE KNOW IS OURS! WE WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH! I HAVE SPOKEN!



YUH HEARD WHUT THET INJUN SAID! I WANT FULL PERFECTION FROM THE U.S. ARMY!



WHAT STONE DID YOU CRAWL FROM UNDER?

WELL, SIR—IS THE ARMY GOING TO WAR FOR THAT LAND-HOG?



NO CHOICE, STEVE. WE'RE DUTY BOUND TO PROTECT THE LEGAL PROPERTY OF ANY CITIZEN WHO'S THREATENED. I'LL HAVE TO SEND MY TROOP INTO HORSE HOLLOW—MUCH AS I DISLIKE THAT SNEAK, SLADE!



THE DURANGO KID



NEXT MORNING... AT HORSE HOLLOW!



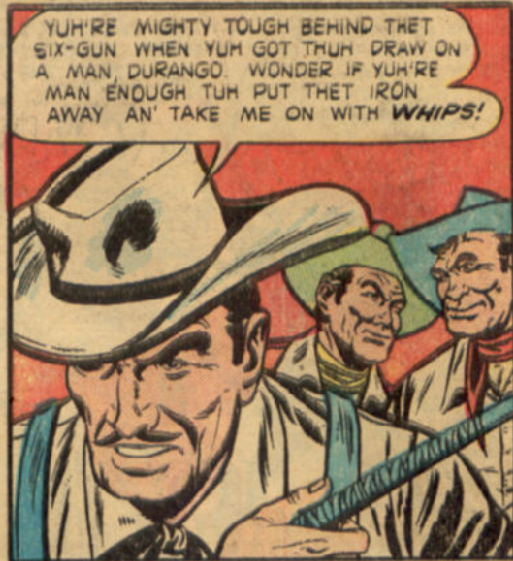
BUT, SUDDENLY—ACROSS THE PLAINS
A HORSEMAN COMES RIDING! IT IS
THE DURANGO KID—
FEARLESSLY CUTTING IN BETWEEN
THE TWO FORCES!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



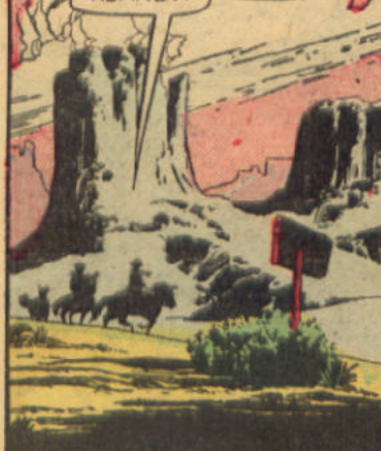


BLOOD WAS THICKER THAN WATER IN THE TOWN OF SKULL GAP—AND A HEAP SIGHT MORE PLENTIFUL! IT WAS THE KIND OF PLACE THAT WENT TO SLEEP OR DEATH TO THE STACCATO LULLABY OF A SIX-GUN SONG THAT SANG ITS CRASHING DIRGE FROM DAWN TO DUSK! IT WAS WILD, ALL RIGHT—AND IT LIVED THE GRIM LAW OF A JUNGLE—TILL **THE DURANGO KID** CAME ALONG TO

"Write the Law in Gunsmoke!"

STEVE BRAND, TOPHAND EXTRAORDINARY, AND HIS SIDEKICK, MULEY PIKE, ARE DRIFTING SOUTH...

THAR'S A SIGN POST UP YONDER, STEVIE. SHORE HOPIN' THEY MEANS THAR'S A TOWN NEARBY!



IT'S A TOWN ALL RIGHT! WHATTCHA SAY, STEVIE? HOW ABOUT HIDIN' YORE HORSE, RAIDER, AN' YORE DURANGO OUTFIT IN THEM ROCKY HILLS OVER THAR—AN' GIT US INTUH TOWN FER A SPELL? BEEN LIVIN' OFF THUH RANGE NIGH ONTO TWO WEEKS NOW!

WOULDN'T MIND SLEEP-ING IN A GOOD BED MYSELF FOR A CHANGE, OKAY, PARD-NER—YOU SOLD ME!



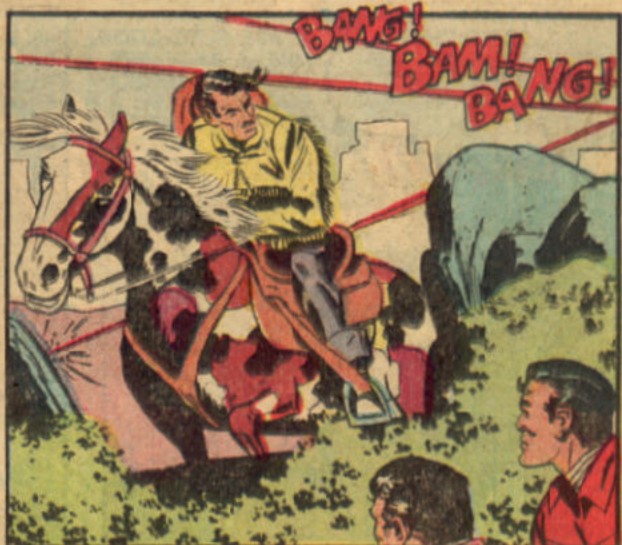
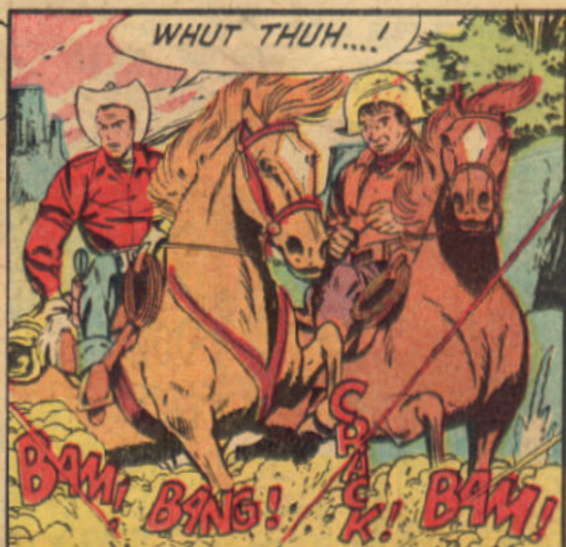
RAIDER AND "DURANGO KID" EQUIPMENT ARE CAREFULLY HIDDEN IN A CAVE...

LET'S GO! I'M GOING TO SINK MYSELF INTO A HOT BATH, FIRST THING!

HOW ABOUT MAKING ME A PROMISE, STEVIE? LET'S JUST BE TWO DRIFTIN' SADDLE-TRAMPS—NO MORE, NO FIGHT-ING, NO NUTHIN'—JEST RESTIN'!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

A SHORT TIME LATER — SKULL GAP!

HOLY COW, STEVE — LOOKIT THAT SHERIFF'S OFFICE! IT'S BOARDED UP AN' VENTILATED PLENTY WITH BULLET HOLES!

LOOKS LIKE NO SHERIFF EVER MET A NATURAL DEATH IN THIS TOWN!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

SHERIFF
DON'T LIVE
HERE NO
MORE!!

YOU KNOW, IT SEEMS TO ME WE DIDN'T EXACTLY PICK THE QUIETEST TOWN TO REST IN!

I GOTTA ALLOW IT AIN'T EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D EXPECT OF A SUNDAY AFTERNOON!

HYAR COME THEM FOUR HOMBRES WE SAW A WHILE BACK. WONDER IF THEY GOT THEIR MAN?

THEY SURE LOOK LIKE A RECKLESS AND ARROGANT BROOD, MULEY. I DON'T LIKE THIS KIND OF STUFF — NOT AT ALL!

YIPPEEE!

ALL RIGHT, WOMAN — GIT OUTA THUH WAY!

WHY, THAT RECKLESS FOOL — HE DELIBERATELY RAN HIS HORSE UP THAT SIDEWALK!

OH!

HAW-HAW-HAW! LET'S GO GIT A DRINK, MEN!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS?

I-I THINK SO. A LITTLE BRUISED, BUT NOTHING BROKEN. THEY DIDN'T EVEN STOP THE RUFFIANS!

MULEY, THE PROMISE IS OFF!

I RECKONED IT COULDN'T LAST, ANYWAY!

OH NO, SIR — DON'T GO AFTER THOSE MEN!

THEY'RE KILLERS, EVERY ONE OF THEM! THEY'RE MINGO'S MEN, AND THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING! THEY'D JUST AS SOON KILL YOU AS SWAT A FLY! DON'T GO, SIR — IT ISN'T WORTH RISKING YOUR LIFE — YOU'RE TOO YOUNG...

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

I'M SIMMONS—FATHER O' THIS HERE YOUNG LADY YUH PERFECTED. I'M THANKIN' YUH—AS CHAIRMAN O' OUR SECRET CITIZENS' COMMITTEE FER LAW AN' ORDER!



MINGO'S THUH BIGGEST RANCHER IN THESE PARTS. OWNED EVERY-THING IN SIGHT—AT LEAST, 'TILL THUH GOVERNMENT OPENED UP THIS STRIP FER SETTLIN'. HIM AN' HIS HIRED GUNNIES ARE TERRORIZIN' THUH WHOLE COUNTRY...



WE GOT A CITIZENS COMMITTEE THUH CHALLENGE MINGO—BUT THUH PEOPLE ARE STILL SKEERED. THEY NEED A **STRONG MAN** THUH LEAD 'EM...



WHUT WE-NEED IS SOMEBODY LIKE YUH—OR, EVEN BETTER YET—SOMEBODY LIKE **THE DURANGO KID!** PEOPLE WOULD BE WILLIN' THU FIGHT IF THEY KNEW **HE** WUZ SIDIN' US!



SIMMONS, I THINK I CAN GET YOUR MAN!

I WANT YOU TO CALL A MEETING OF THE LEADERS OF THIS TOWN. MY GUESS IS THAT YOU'LL BE IN FOR A HAPPY SURPRISE!

SUITS ME! WE'LL ALL BE AT MY HOUSE!



LATER THAT NIGHT

EASY, RAIDER BOY! SOON AS I GET THIS DURANGO CUT-FIT ON, WE RIDE!

WHEE-EE-EE!



AND, AS THE DURANGO KID THUNDERS BACK TO TOWN...

EVENING, GENTLEMEN! I WASN'T EXACTLY INVITED, BUT I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN ANYWAY!

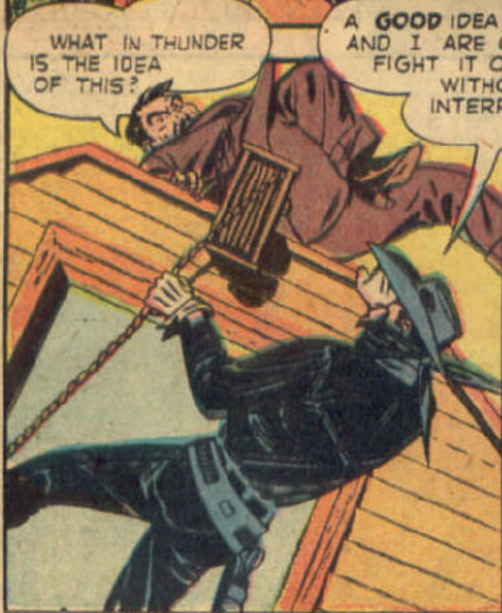
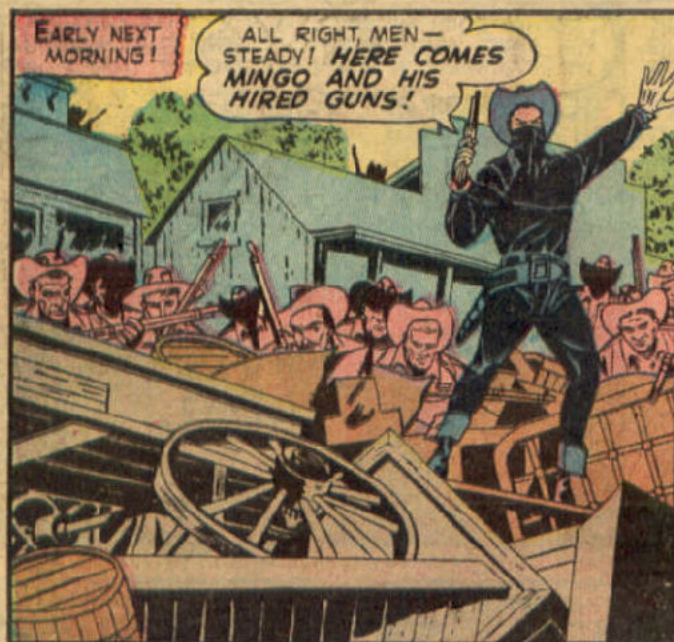
MINGO!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



Dan Brand and Tipi

THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE PRECIOUS CARGO TO THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY WAS ACROSS A WATERY TRAIL—CLOSELY GUARDED BY THE ENEMY FLEET. IT WAS A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND, BUT THEY HAD TO TAKE IT! THEY KNEW THAT THE PRICE OF FAILURE WAS **DEATH**—YET, UNAFRAID, DAN BRAND AND TIPI EMBARKED ON THE "VOYAGE *into* DANGER!"



A TINY FISHING VILLAGE — SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF PHILADELPHIA...



CAPTAIN HAWKINS?

AT YOUR SERVICE, DAN BRAND! WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THIS SECRET MEETING?

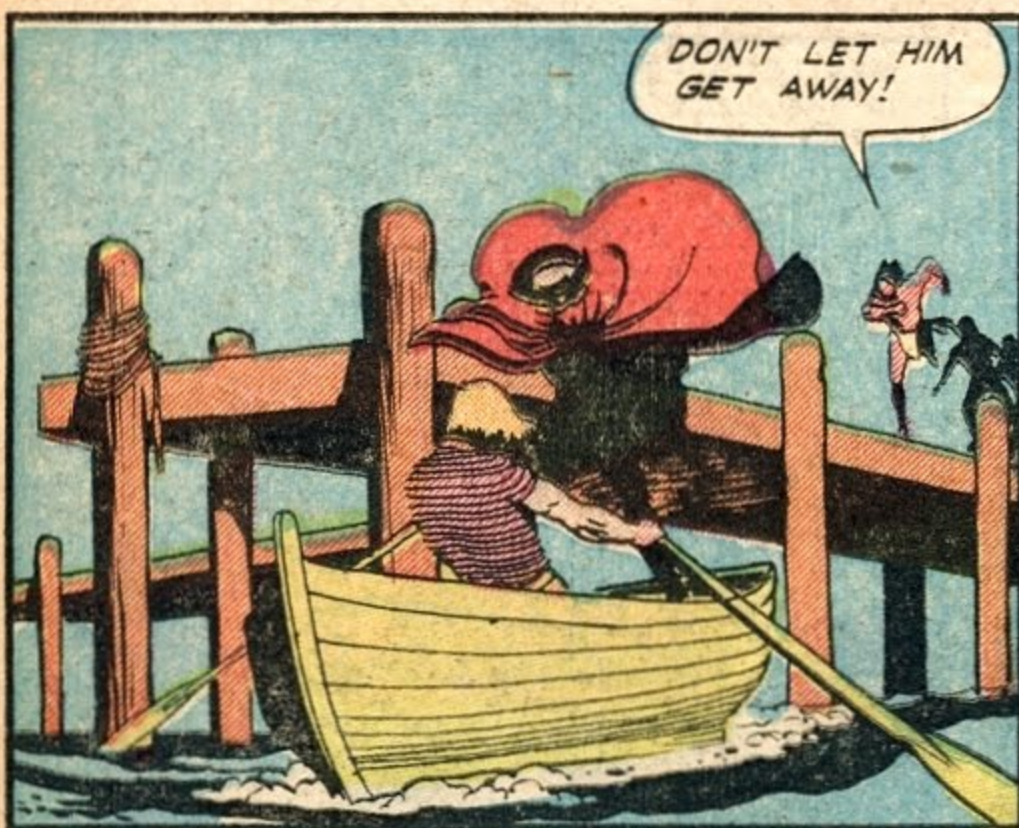
THOSE CRATES ARE FILLED WITH NEW RIFLES, CAPTAIN. THEY **MUST** GET TO THE MINUTE MEN OF NEW ENGLAND! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO HAUL THEM NORTH BY LAND FOR THE BRITISH ARMY IS ON ALL ROADS—AND THIS FREIGHT IS HEAVY TO HANDLE...



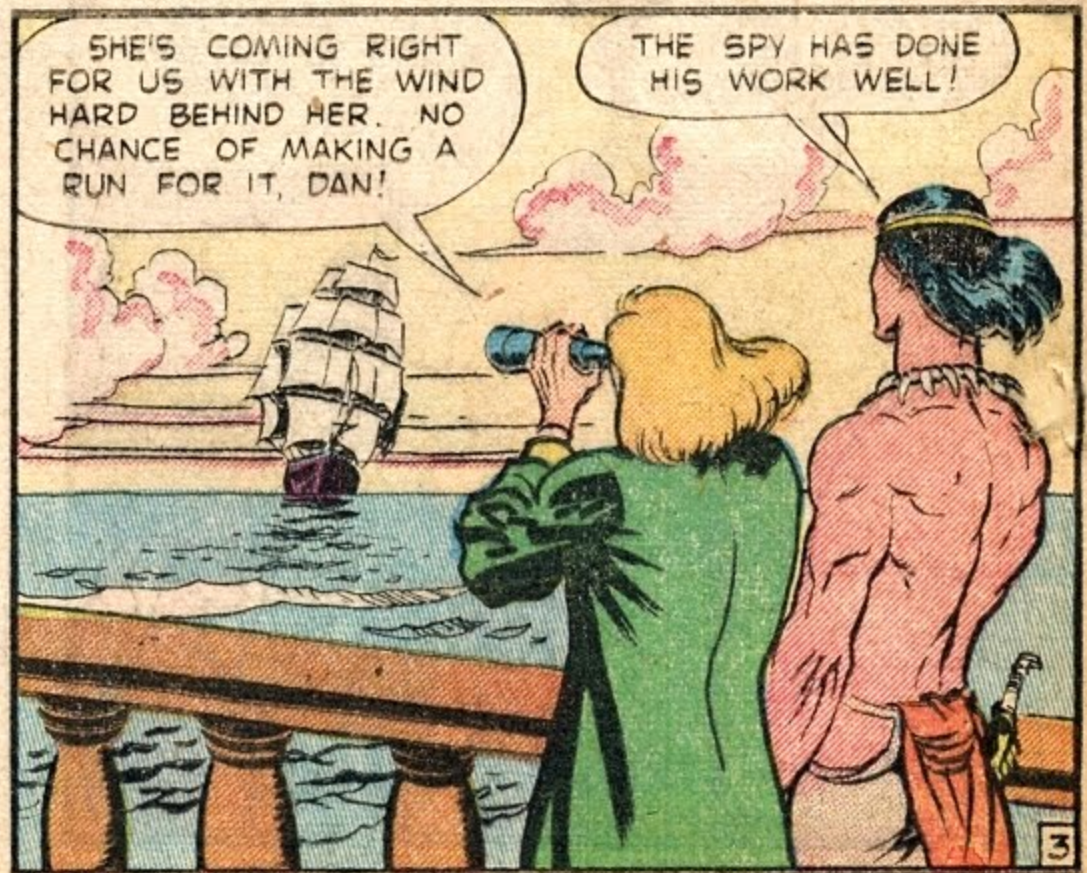
I UNDERSTAND. THEY WILL HAVE TO BE SHIPPED BY SEA—THROUGH THE BRITISH BLOCKADE! A DANGEROUS PROPOSITION, DAN BRAND...



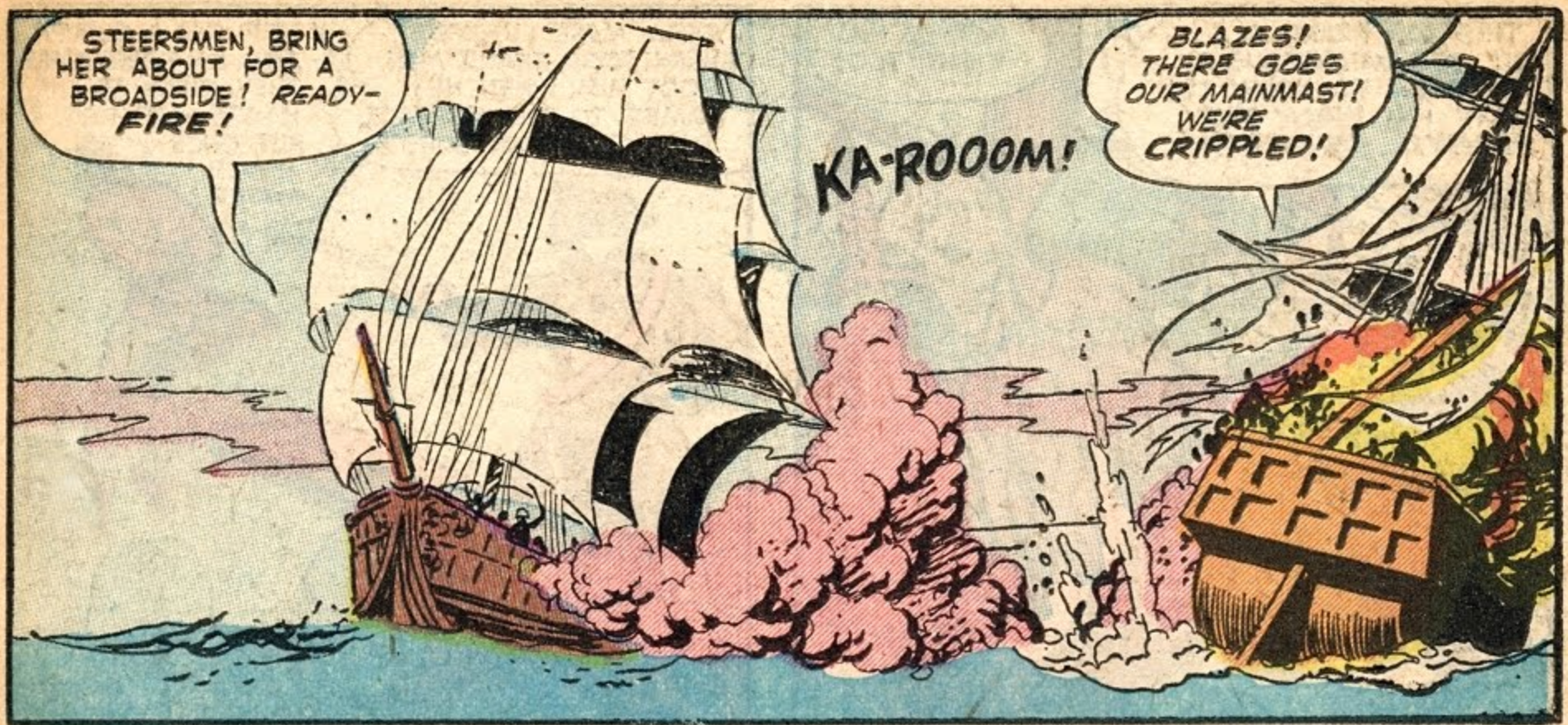
THE DURANGO KID



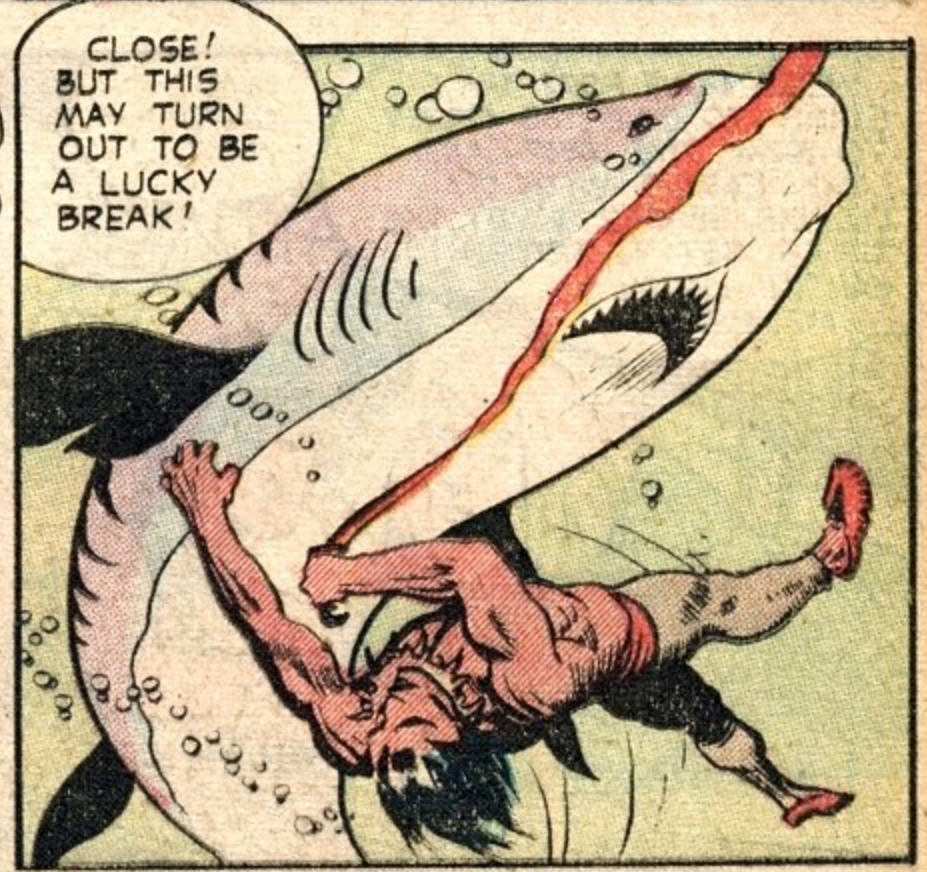
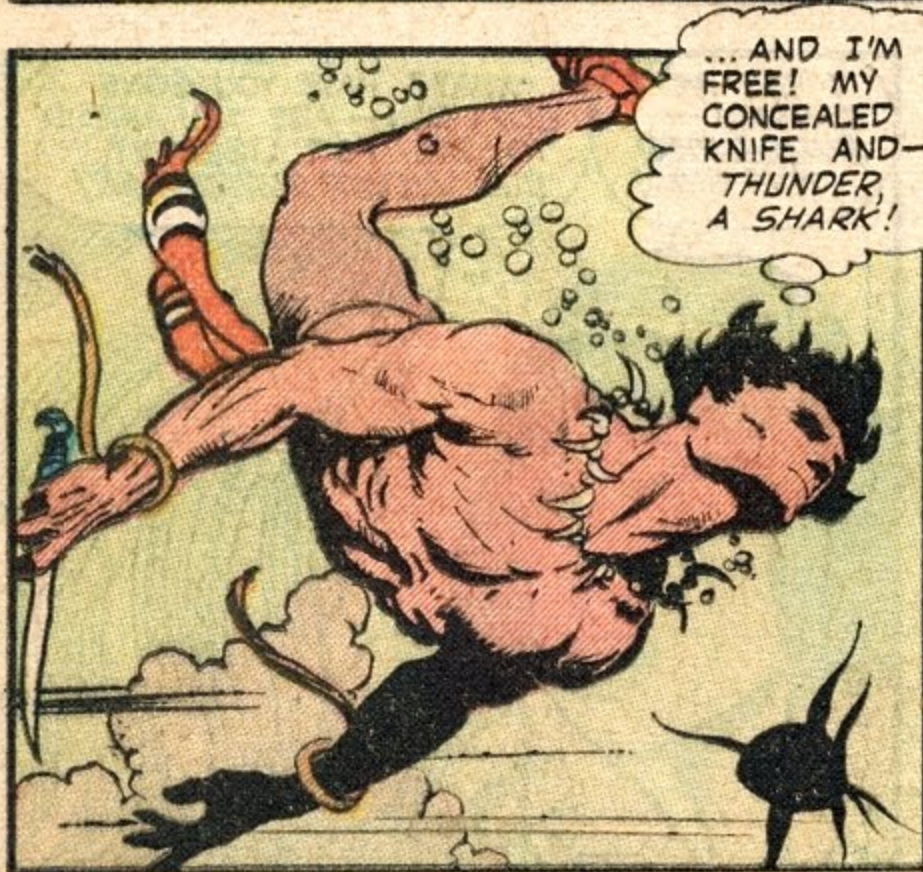
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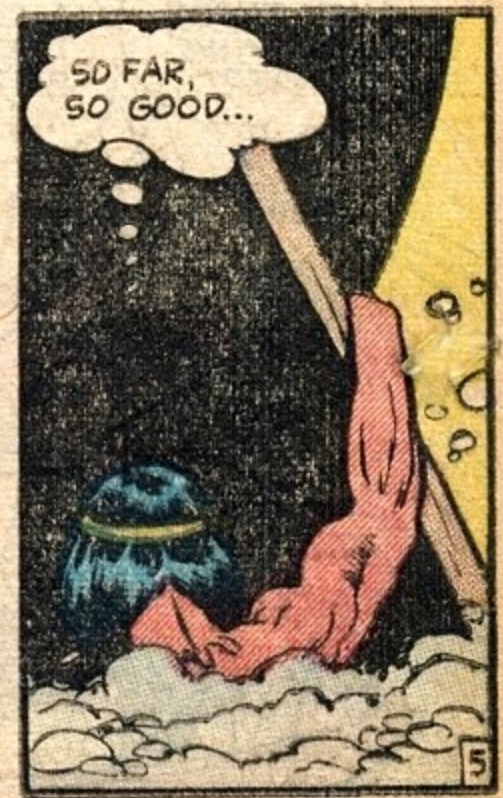
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



BUT - CLINGING TO THE RUDDER...





A LITTLE LATER...!

A LOVELY DAY
FOR A SAIL,
RAHLY!



GLUG!

DID YEZ SAY SOMETHING,
LIEUTENANT?... BLIMEY,
HE AIN'T THERE! I
COULD'VE SWORN I
HEARD SOMEBODY
GRUNTIN' OR
SOMETHIN'!
OH, WELL...



WHAT THE—!
WHY, IT'S —
IT'S —!

QUIET, CAPTAIN! NOT
A SOUND! IN JUST
ONE MOMENT I
SHALL PROVE TO
YOU THAT I AM
NO TRAITOR...

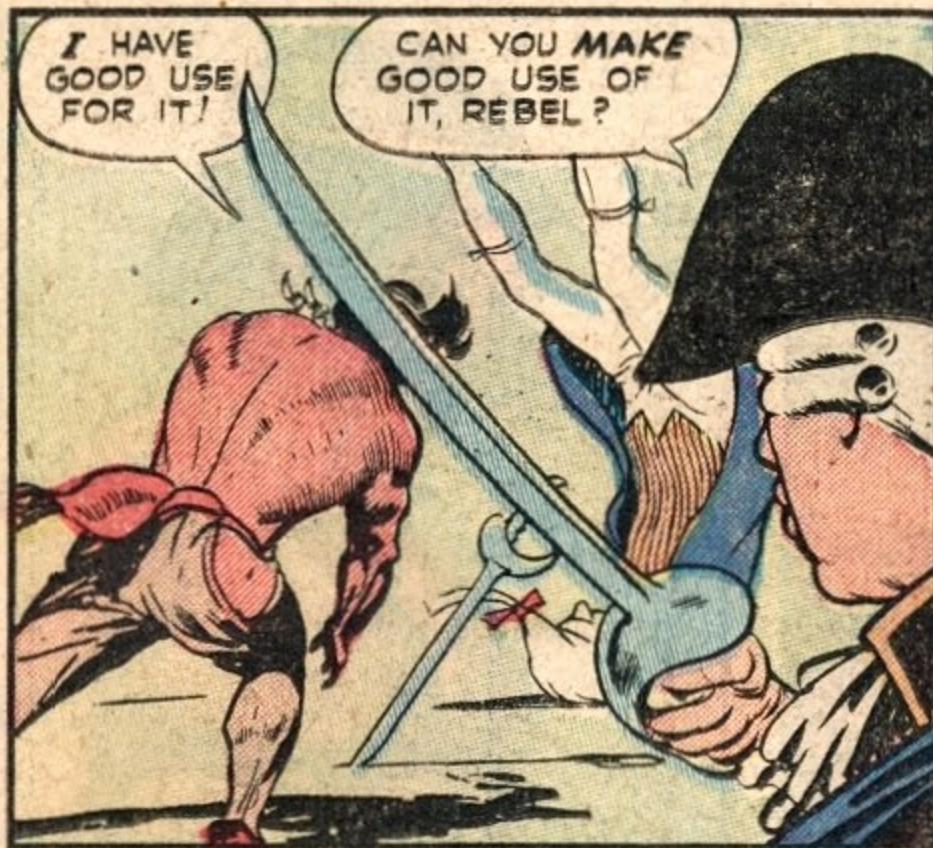


REMEMBER THOSE THIRTY
EXTRA CASES, CAPTAIN?
THEY CONTAINED NOT RIFLES
— BUT THIRTY **SECRET
WEAPONS!**

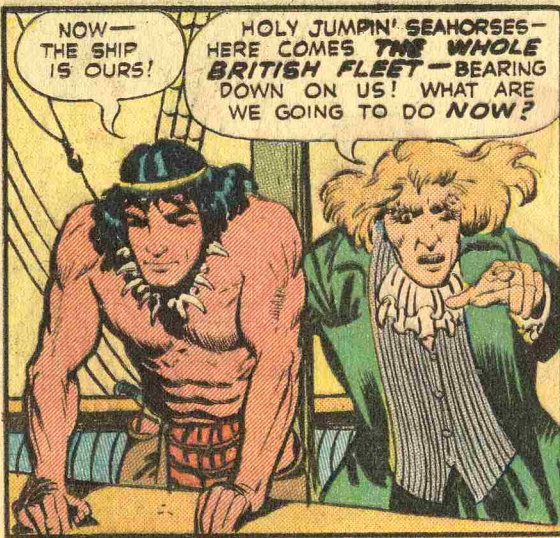
INDIANS! BY
THUNDER, I OUGHT TO
BE LASHED TO THE
MAST FOR NOT
TRUSTING YOU!

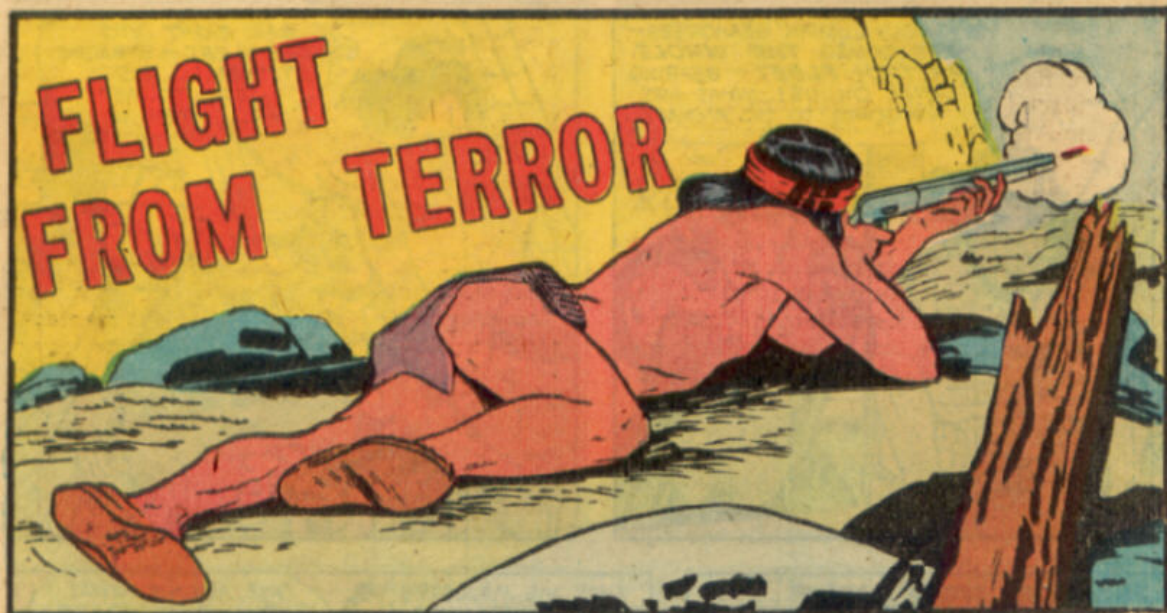


AND NOW — TO
FINISH THE JOB
WE STARTED...!



THE DURANGO KID





THE THIN PLUME of smoke lifted upward from the red sandstone bluff. The man crouched in the shadows of a pinon watched it with narrowed eyes. His tongue came out to lick at his dry lips, as cold terror ran its way down his spine beneath the faded blue shirt. "Apaches," he told the dry New Mexico air. "On the war trail—and me with a dead horse—and no bullet for my gun!"

He had been out prospecting in the Draoons, hunting gold. He had a few nuggets in a leather bag at his waist, enough to make his trip into these mountains well worth while, if he could make it back to the post—with his scalp still on his head!

Zeke Gibbons shook his tawney head, wrinkles of worry furrowing his forehead. Without a horse, without a gun to fight his way out of a trap, his chances of saving that scalp were almost nil. Gibbons had seen what Apaches did to the men they caught. He had seen men hung over a slow fire, tied upside down to a wagonwheel. He had seen other things, even less pretty than what was left of the men after the fire had burned its way out.

He set out at a slow trot along the narrow trail that looped around the mesaland. He carried a rifle in his right hand, a rifle whose chamber and magazine were empty. At his right side hung a long hunting knife in a fringed sheath. *If I can keep out of sight, maybe I can make it.* . . .

The sun poured down with terrific fury. It slid over the wide brim of his soft hat to beat down on his shoulders; it was an exhausting weight on his back. It slowed his feet and numbed his muscles.

Gibbons came to a bend in the trail. Ten feet below, the trail went on. If he could get down to that lower trail, he would save himself hours of travel. But he would make himself a prime target against the sky for keen Apache eyes.

He shrugged and went to his knees. *I make it or I don't*, he told himself. He dug the long blade of his knife into the loose soil, and dug with a toe at a protruding rock.

Midway down the face of the cliff he heard the yell.

It froze his blood, for it came from deep in the belly, and ululated out from a throbbing Apache throat. Something came, and whined high overhead and then he heard the flat, dull report of a Winchester sounding across the flats.

"They've seen me," Gibbons grated between his teeth. "Now they'll be coming this way on their ponies and —"

He choked off his words. No need to waste breath on the empty air. He would need all that breath for running. And then he felt solid rock under his moccasin and he lowered himself to the ledge.

He ran into the approaching dusk with long strides, moving steadily downward toward the flats. He was planning ahead, knowing the Apaches would be coming for him. Night was only two hours away. It was dry and cool at night, a good time to travel, once he was off the mesa.

Gibbons found a tiny spring and lay on his belly, drinking carefully, storing up the wetness against the coming darkness. He rolled over and lay on his back, limp, letting his muscles ease. Overhead he could see the stars come winking out, bright in the black-

THE DURANGO KID

ness of the sky. He wondered idly if he would see those stars tomorrow night.

When he felt refreshed, he went trotting onto the flats. Somewhere out behind him, in the blackness rimming the sotol and the sage, the Apaches were coming, swiftly and steadily on their ponies. Gibbons knew he had one advantage: on foot, he would not loom high up against the horizon, as he would if he had been mounted. By taking advantage of the cactus and ocotillo, running from clump to clump so that he merged with their denser shadows, he might make it.

Now as he ran he could hear the drumming hoofs. They might not attack him at night—the Apaches, like most other Indians—rarely fought at night, believing that the spirit who came to guide them to the happy hunting grounds might not find them in the blackness, were they killed. But if they learned he had no bullets for the rifle he carried—

Gibbons put that thought away from him, and concentrated on running.

He came upon the wagon an hour after midnight. It still smoked, its charred ribs smouldering, a dull red showing here and there where the fire lingered.

Gibbons did not look at what remained of the two bodies on the ground. The Apaches had caught these men early yesterday, had amused themselves with torture for some hours, then had fired the wagon and run off the horses.

He hunted in the wreckage, and found black char from the ruins of the smoking wagon. Carefully he ran the soft black char over his hands and face, turning them as black as the night around him. Then he took new and fresher bits of char and rubbed it over his shirt and trousers.

"I'm as black as the night itself," he told the dead things on the ground. "They'll never see me now!"

He hunted for bullets, but the Apache search had been thorough. They had taken rifles and bullets, food and clothing.

Gibbons ran on.

It was an hour before dawn when the Apache found him. Gibbons was looking for a windfall or cave in which to spend the daytime hours. As he hunted, a grim figure rose up out of the night, reining in abruptly.

The thought came to Gibbons, even as he went off his feet at the Apache, that the redskin was more surprised to see him than Gibbons was to find the Apache barring his path. He was a short, stocky brave with wide shoulders that betrayed terrific physical strength. A red flannel headband ran about his dank black hair. High mocassins reached almost to his knees. His thighs were bare.

The Apache grunted as Gibbons rammed

into him, driving his head goatlike, forward into the Apache's belly. With a guttural "Whoof," the Apache tumbled backwards.

Gibbons was on him even as he hit the ground. His fingers went for the greasy throat, tangling in the long hair. He gulped in a lungful of air and his fingers found their grip and tightened.

The Apache writhed, clawing at those iron fingers, trying to rip them free so as to scream for help from his fellow tribesmen who were even then hunting for this man who sought his life. But there was maniacal strength in Zeke Gibbons in these dawn hours. He was fighting not only to stay alive, but to keep himself from the tortures that had made the name of Apache a dread one in the American southwest.

The Apache's struggles grew weaker. There was a dry rattling sounding in his throat. He shook spasmodically and his arms fell away. He lay there as Gibbons held his grip for another minute until he was positive that the man under him was dead.

Then he got to his knees, ripped loose the bandolier of brass cartridges and lifted the carbine the Apache had dropped.

He caught the Apache pony after a short chase, but did not mount him. Grasping the rope hackamore, he led him at a walk across the flats. "If I get up on him, those other braves may see me. If I let him go, they'll maybe find him, hunt for their missing friend, and then come hotfooting it after me!"

The first pink tints of dawn found Gibbons plodding across a sandy plain fifteen miles from the trading post. He halted to look behind him. The red sandstone bluffs loomed high in the distance.

Gibbons grinned, even though the effort hurt his dry lips. "Now let 'em catch me!" He swung onto the pony and kicked at its ribs.

Fresh, the wiry little bronc began to run. Gibbons let him go for a mile, then pulled him in to a slower pace. "No need to blaze daylight. Those 'Pache devils will have run up and down all night, trying to find me. They're in no shape to catch you. I've saved you for these last few miles. If they show, you can run your fool head off!"

Toward noon, he saw the Apaches trailing him, miles to the rear. He shook the reins, and the tough pony really ran. Gibbons laughed, as only a man can laugh who has touched death's cold fingers and lived to remember it.

Two miles away, he could see the log walls of the post. The Apaches would never get him now. He was safe.

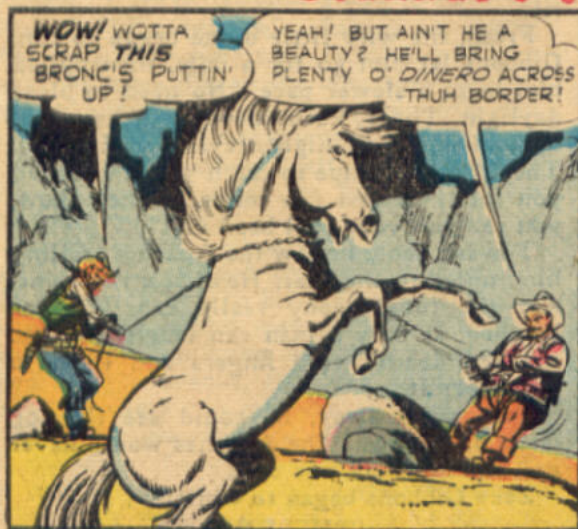
Zeke Gibbons began to whistle. . .

THE END

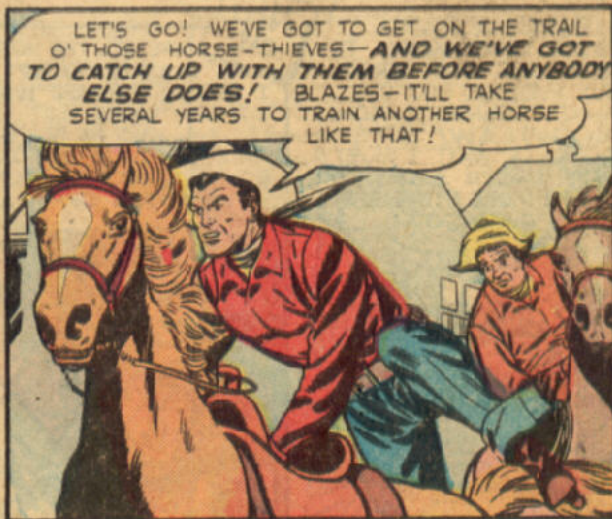


DUMB LUCK SOMETIMES ACCOMPLISHES WHAT BRAINS CAN NEVER DO! THE SLICKEST OWLHOOTS IN THE COUNTRY WOULD GIVE THEIR EYE-TEETH FOR A CLUE TO **THE DURANGO KID'S** HIDEOUT... BUT IT TAKES TWO BLUNDERING HORSE-THIEVES TO STUMBLE ACROSS IT AND THUS KICK OFF THE SUSPENSEFULL, THRILL-FULL STORY OF

"DURANGO'S STOLEN STEED!"



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

TO CLAIM RAIDER, DURANGO WOULD HAVE TO SHOW HE'S THE **LEGAL** OWNER—AND THAT'S **STEVE BRAND!** WE CAN'T DO THAT!

AN' IF YUH DON'T CLAIM HIM, HE'LL BE AUCTIONED OFF! MEBBE WE KIN **BUY** RAIDER AT THUH AUCTION...?

WE CAN'T DO THAT, EITHER. IF I BOUGHT HIM AT AUCTION, THEN **EVERYBODY** WOULD KNOW RAIDER BELONGS TO ME FROM THEN ON. DURANGO WOULD NEVER RIDE HIM AGAIN!

GOLLY! WHUT T'DO? WHUT T'DO?

ONLY ONE THING TO DO, MULEY—**TURN HORSE-THIEVES OURSELVES!**

YUH MEAN—LET SOME-BODY ELSE **BUY** RAIDER—AND THEN **STEAL** HIM BACK?



RIGHT! OF COURSE, WE'LL LEAVE MONEY TO REIMBURSE THAT PERSON—BUT EVEN SO THAT WILL MAKE DURANGO OFFICIALLY AN **OUTLAW!** BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY! I MUST HAVE RAIDER BACK! NO OTHER HORSE CAN SERVE DURANGO!

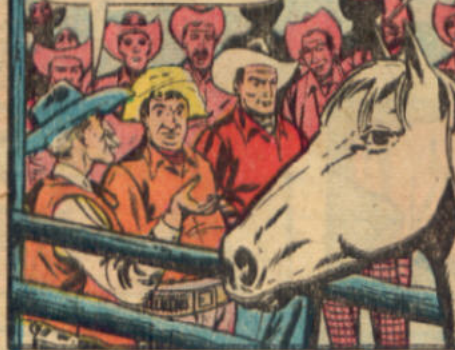
NEXT DAY!

WAL, ALL THE HOSSES IS CLAIMED—EXCEPT DURANGO'S! I RECKON DURANGO **WONT** CLAIM, EITHER—'CAUSE THET WOULD REVEAL WHO HE IS! SHORE HATE TUH DO IT, BUT I'M GONNA HAVE TUH AUCTION THIS HOSSE OFF!

ONE HUNDRED AN FIFTY SMACKARDS!

I BID **THREE HUNDRED BUCKS!** AN' I AIM TUH GIT THET HOSSE!

WOW! AIN'T NOBODY HYAR KIN MATCH **THET BID!**

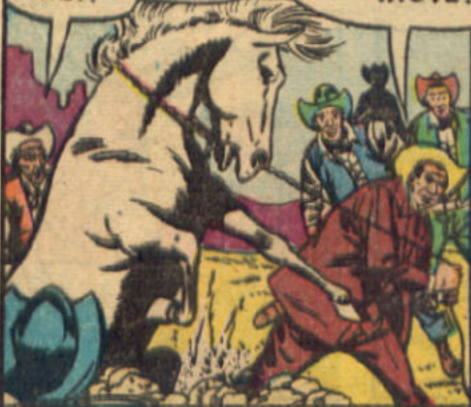


HE'S ALL YORES, BING JUDD! BUT YUH'RE GOIN' TUH TREAT 'IM A LOT MORE GENTLE THAN THET!

DON'T TELL ME HOW TUH TREAT **MY** HOSSE, SHERIFF! COME ALONG, YUH **BLASTED** CAYUSE—**MOVE!**

SOMEBODY ROPE THIS CRITTER QUICK—AFORE HE **KILLS** ME!

SERVES 'IM RIGHT—JERKIN' A HOSSE NOOSE LIKE THET!



THE DURANGO KID

GOT 'IM!
HE'S
PLENTY
STRONG,
THET
HOSS!

HE'S A KILLER—BUT I'M
GOIN' TUH TEACH HIM
TUH BEHAVE! AN' LESSON
ONE STARTS RIGHT NOW—
GONNA GIVE 'IM A BEATIN'
HELL NEVER FORGET!



LAY OFF, JUDD!
THET'S NO WAY
TUH HANDLE
A HOSS!

EASY, STEVE,
EASY—THUH
SHERIFF'S
HANDLIN' THET
YARMINT!



CONTROL
YORESELF,
STEVE—
WE'LL GIT
OUR CHANCE
LATER ON!

WE'D BETTER GET
AWAY FROM HERE,
MULEY—BEFORE I
GIVE MYSELF AWAY
COMPLETELY! THAT
ROTTEN HORSE-
BEATER! TAKING
RAIDER AWAY FROM
HIM! ISN'T
STEALING, MULEY!



LATER THAT DAY—AT JUDD'S RANCH...

WAL, WE GOT 'IM HYAR!
WHUT IN BLAZES YUH WANT
'IM FER, JUDD? HE'S TOO
ORNERY TUH RIDE!

DON'T
AIM
TUH
RIDE
'IM, MEN!



THET HOSS IS GOIN' TUH
BE **BAIT**—TUH TRAP
DURANGO! DURANGO'S
SHORE TUH COME AFTER
'IM TONIGHT—AN THET'S
WHEN HE WALKS INTUH
OUR TRAP!



YUP, WITH DURANGO OUTA
THUH WAY, WE KIN DO ALL THUH
RUSTLIN' WE WANT! I'LL WANT
A B'INCH O' MEN AROUND THIS
CORRAL TONIGHT...

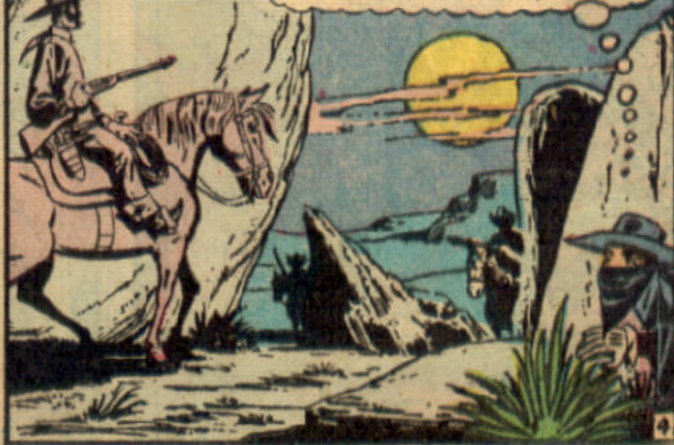


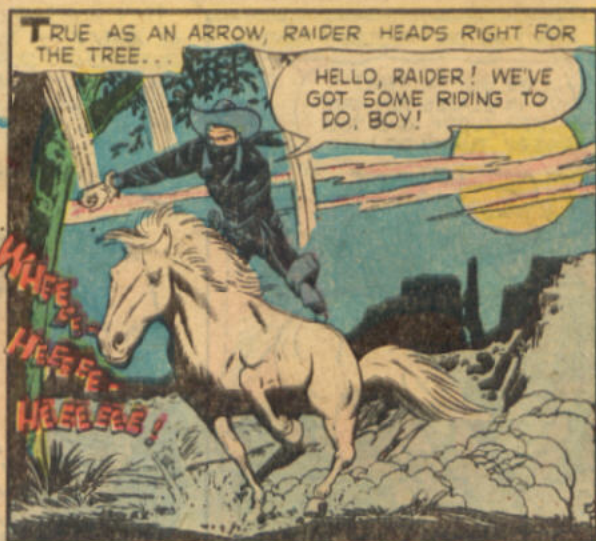
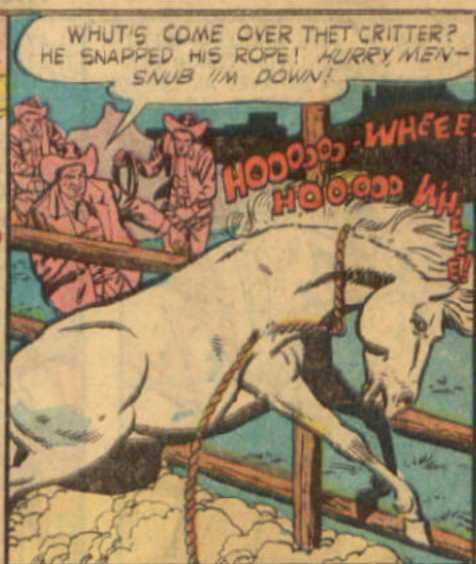
COMIN' OR GOIN', DURANGO'LL
HAVE TO COME ALONG THIS ROAD!
I'M POSTIN' YOU GUYS ALONG HYAR.
KEEP HID—AN' SHOOT TUH KILL!



THAT
NIGHT...

SO! THERE'S A GAUNTLET POSTED ALONG
THIS ROAD! MAYBE THAT'S WHY JUDD BOUGHT
RAIDER—TO TRAP ME! MAKES THINGS A
LITTLE BIT TOUGHER, BUT...







PLAN TWO, RAIDER—
PLAN TWO!
ALLEY OOP!



THEY'LL HAVE A FINE TIME TRYING TO CATCH
RAIDER. NOW—UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS THAT
COWARD, JUDD, WILL BE THE LAST RIDER...!



...AND I'M RIGHT! ...I'VE A
COUPLE OF ACCOUNTS TO
SETTLE WITH YOU, MISTER!



ACCOUNT NUMBER ONE!
THIS SETTLES WHAT I OWE
YOU FOR BEATING RAIDER
WITH A
STICK!

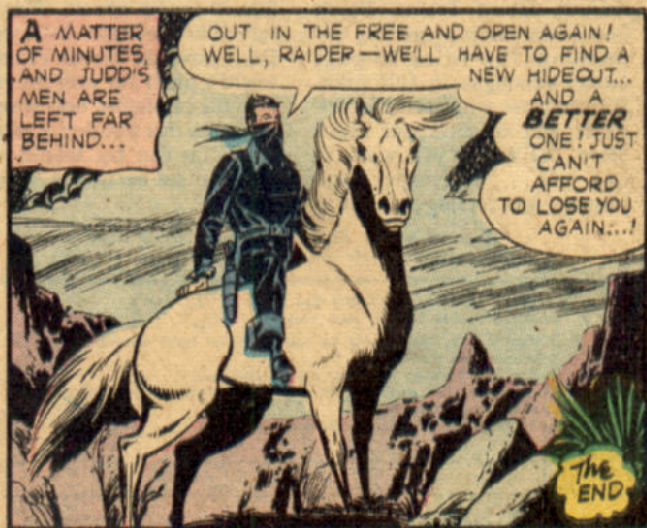
URPH!



ACCOUNT NUMBER TWO—THIS
SETTLES WHAT I OWE YOU FOR
TRYING TO MURDER DURANGO!
...AH, AND HERE COMES RAIDER
BACK AGAIN—LEAD THAT BUNCH
CLEAR IN A CIRCLE!...GOOD BOY!



COME NOW GENTS—YOU DON'T REALLY
THINK YOU CAN CATCH UP WITH A HORSE
LIKE RAIDER, DO YOU?



A MATTER
OF MINUTES,
AND JUDD'S
MEN ARE
LEFT FAR
BEHIND...

OUT IN THE FREE AND OPEN AGAIN!
WELL, RAIDER—WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A
NEW HIDEOUT...
AND A
BETTER
ONE! JUST
CAN'T
AFFORD
TO LOSE YOU
AGAIN...!

THE
END

Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

THE GREATEST RAILROAD SHOW ON EARTH!



Fun...Thrills...Action
see special coupon offer!

This Christmas be one of the many lucky boys to get a set of realistic Lionel Trains. Here's how — start now by getting this thrilling, fun-filled 36-page Lionel catalogue in full color. It's complete with trains, accessories and track layout ideas. Show the trains you want to dad, ma... everybody. Send coupon for catalogue, plus a

3 1/2" double-faced phonograph record* of steam train and Diesel sound effects. Plus 10 full-color realistic billboards. Do it now, see Lionel Trains — world's finest for over 50 years — in the catalogue, hear them in action on this wonderful record. Write for this big special offer now, or see catalogue at your dealer's.

*Plays on all 78 RPM phonographs except some fixed spindle or automatic changers.

- LIONEL TRAINS, Post Office Box 75,
Madison Square Station, New York, N. Y. 10101
1. enclose 25¢. Please send me special Lionel Train catalogue offer, postage prepaid.
2. The new 36-page full-color Lionel catalogue.
3. The new 3 1/2" double-faced record of whistles, bells, railroad sound effects and Diesel horns.
4. 10 full-color miniature billboards.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

SPECIAL COUPON OFFER
ALL FOR 25¢

See all the
Lionel Trains
and Accessories
in Catalogue

HEAR Bells...
whistles...
horns... on
this railroad
sound effects
record.



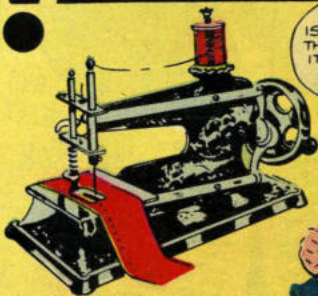
**TEN
FULL-
COLOR
BILLBOARDS**

LOOK

AT THESE

4 WONDER BARGAINS

3 REAL SEWING MACHINE



GEE, THIS IS FUN! I MADE THIS DRESS WITH IT, AND I'LL MAKE HUNDREDS MORE!



READY FOR ACTION
NOW YOU CAN MAKE MANY LOVELY DRESSES FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR DOLLS, OR MAKE EXTRA MONEY SELLING THINGS YOU MAKE! COMPLETE WITH TABLE CLAMP, SPOOL, THREAD AND NEEDLE.

DON'T PASS IT UP!
IT'S ONLY **\$298**

4 LIFE LIKE SANDY



HELLO!
I'M SANDY!
I DRINK, I WET,
I SLEEP AND YOU
CAN WAVE MY
HAIR, TOO!

THE NEWEST IN
NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS

SHE HAS
WONDER SKIN - JUST
LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-
LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK,
WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER
HAIR WAVED!

IMAGINE ONLY **\$398**

and
FREE
FREE

FREE A WAVE-A-DOLL HAIR KIT



ORDER FROM THIS COUPON

NOVELTY MART Dept. 206

59 East 8th St., New York 3, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:

Enclosing Check or M. O. C.O.D. plus postage

- | | | | |
|---|--------|---|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Movie Projector | \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> Sewing Machine | \$2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Extra Films... | \$1.00 | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accordion | \$3.49 | <input type="checkbox"/> Sandy | \$3.98 |

Name

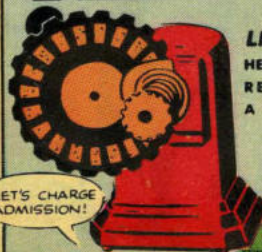
Print Name

Address

City

State

1 ELECTRIC MOVIE PROJECTOR



LET'S CHARGE ADMISSION!

BOY, WHAT FUN!

WHERE ARE YOUR TWO BROTHERS?

REAL LIVE ACTION MOVIES!
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET... A REAL PROJECTOR, 1 FILM, A STAGE AND SCREEN...

ALL FOR ONLY \$298
3 EXTRA FILMS... \$1.00

2 THE FAMOUS TUNE KING ACCORDION



PLAY ALL THE POPULAR SONGS

NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO READ MUSIC!
NOW, NO PRACTICING OR EXERCISE NEEDED!

- PRECISION-MADE PIANO KEYBOARD
- LIFETIME VINYLITE BELLows
- STURDY SHOULDER STRAP
- PLASTIC CASE

AND A

FREE

INSTRUCTION BOOK



THAT SCIENTIFICALLY MINIMIZES YOUR LEARNING TIME TO A FEW SHORT HOURS!

A GREAT BUY AT ONLY **\$349**

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